

THE BLACK ROBE.

By WHITE COLLINS.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

WINTERFIELD'S DIARY CONTINUED.

March 3d.—I have just seen the land lord of the hotel; he can help me to answer one of Mrs. Eyre's questions. A nephew of his holds some employment at the Jesuit headquarters here, adjoining their famous church *Il Gesù*. I have requested the young man to ascertain if Father Benwell was still in Rome.

4th March.—Good news this time for Mrs. Eyre, so far as it goes. Father Benwell has long since left Rome, and has returned to his regular duties in England. If he exercises any further influence over Romyne, it must be done by letter.

5th March.—I have returned from Romyne's sermon. This double re- gade—has he not deserted his religion and his wife?—has failed to convince me. But he has so completely upset my nerves that I ordered a bottle of champagne (to the great amusement of my friend the banker) the moment we got back to the hotel.

We drove through the scantily-lighted streets of Rome to a small church in the neighborhood of the Piazza Navona. To a more imaginative man than myself, the scene when we entered the building would have been too impressive to be described in words, though it might, perhaps, have been painted. The one light in the place glimmered mysteriously from a great wax candle, burning in front of a drapery of black cloth, and illuminating dimly a sculptured representation, in white marble, of the crucified Christ, wrought to the size of life. In front of this ghastly emblem a platform projected, also covered with black cloth. We could penetrate no further than to the space just inside the door of the church. Everywhere else the building was filled with a dim, shadowy, and kneeling figures, and mysterious, fading away in far corners into impenetrable gloom. The only sounds were the low wailing notes of the organ, accompanied at intervals by the muffled thump of worshippers penitentially beating their breasts. On a sudden the organ ceased; the self-inflicted blows of the penitents were heard no more. In the breathless silence that followed, a man robed in black mounted the black platform, and faced the congregation. His hair had become prematurely gray; his face was of the ghastly paleness of the great crucifix by his side. The light of the candle, falling on him as he slowly turned his head, cast shadows into the hollows of his cheeks, and glittered in his gleaming eyes. In tones, low and trembling at first, he became the subject of his address. A week since two noteworthy persons had died in Rome on the same day. One of them was a woman of exemplary piety, whose funeral obsequies had been celebrated in that church. The other was a criminal, charged with homicide under provocation, who had died in prison, refusing the services of the priest—impenitent to the last. The sermon followed the spirit of the absolved woman to its eternal reward in heaven, and described the meeting of dead ones who had gone before, in terms so devout and touching that the women near us, and even some of the men, burst into tears. Far different was the effect produced when the preacher, filled with the same overpowering sincerity of belief which had inspired his description of the joys of heaven, traced the downward progress of the last man, from his impetent deathbed to his doom in hell. He described the retributive voices of mother and son, bereaved of husband and father by the fatal deed, ringing incessantly in the ears of the homicide. "I, who speak to you, hear the voices," he cried. "Assassin! assassin! where are you? I see him—I see the assassin lurched into his place in the sleepless ranks of the damned—I see him, dripping with the flames that burn forever, writhing under the torments that are without respite and without end." The climax of this terrible effort of imagination was reached when he fell on his knees and prayed with sobs and cries of entreaty—prayed, pointing to the crucifix at his side—that he and all who heard him might die the death of penitent sinners, absolved in the divinely-atonement name of Christ. The hysterical shrieks of women rang through the church. I could endure it no longer. I hurried into the street, and breathed again freely when I looked up at the cloudless beauty of the night sky, bright with the peaceful radiance of the stars.

And this man was Romyne! I had last met with him among his delightful works of art; an enthusiast in literature; the hospitable master of a house,

filled with comforts and luxuries to its remotest corner.

"Yes," said my companion, "the Ancient Church not only finds out the men who can best serve it, but develops qualities in those men of which they have been themselves unconscious."

I listened without making any remark. To tell the truth I was thinking of Stella.

6th March.—I have been to Civita Vecchia, to give a little farewell entertainment to the officers and crew before they take the yacht back to England. In the few words I said at parting I mentioned that it was my purpose to make an offer for the purchase of the vessel, and that my guests should hear from me again on the subject. The announcement was received with enthusiasm. I really liked my crew, and I don't think it is vain in me to believe that they return the feeling, from the sailing-master to the cabin-boy. My future life, after all that has passed, is likely to be a roving life, unless—

No! I may think sometimes of that happier prospect, but I had better not put my thoughts into words. I have a fine vessel; I have plenty of money, and I like the sea. These are three good reasons for buying the yacht.

Returning to Rome in the evening I found waiting for me a letter from Stella.

She writes (immediately on the receipt of my telegram) to make a similar request to the request addressed to me by her mother. Now that I am at Rome, she too wants to hear news of a Jesuit priest. He is absent on a foreign mission, and his name is Penrose. "You shall hear what obligations I owe to his kindness," she writes, "when we meet. In the meantime I will only say that he is the exact opposite of Father Benwell, and that I should be the most ungrateful of women if I did not feel the truest interest in his welfare."

This is strange, and to my mind not satisfactory. Who is Penrose, and what has he done to deserve such strong expressions of gratitude? If anybody had told me that Stella could make a friend of a Jesuit I am afraid I should have returned a deaf mule. Well, I must wait for further enlightenment, and apply to the landlady's nephew once more.

7th March.—There is small prospect, I fear, of my being able to appreciate the merit of Mr. Penrose, by personal experience. He is thousands of miles away from Europe, and he is in a situation of peril, which makes the chance of his safe return doubtful in the last degree.

The mission to which he is attached was originally destined to find its field of work in Central America. Rumors of more fighting to come, in that revolutionary part of the world, reached Rome before the missionaries had sailed from the port of Leghorn. Under these discouraging circumstances the priestly authorities changed the destination of the mission to the Territory of Arizona, bordering on New Mexico, and recently purchased by the United States. Here, in the valley of Santa Cruz, the Jesuits had first attempted the conversion of the Indian tribes two hundred years since—and had failed. Their mission-house and chapel are now a heap of ruins, and the ferocious Apache Indians keep the fertile valley a solitude by the mere terror of their name. To this ill-omened place Penrose and his companions have made their daring pilgrimage, and they are now risking their lives in the attempt to open the hearts of these bloodthirsty savages to the influence of Christianity. Nothing has yet been heard of them. At the best, no trustworthy news is expected for months to come.

What will Stella say to this? Anyhow, I begin to understand her interest in Penrose now. He is one of a company of heroes. I am already anxious to hear more of him.

To-morrow will be a memorable day in my calendar. To-morrow I leave Rome for St. Germain.

If any further information is to be gained for Mrs. Eyre's account and her daughter, I have made the necessary arrangements for receiving it. The banker has promised to write to me if there is a change in Romyne's life and prospects. And my landlady will take care that I hear of it in the event of news reaching Rome from the mission at Arizona.

St. Germain, 14th March.—I arrived yesterday. Between the fatigue of the journey and the pleasurable agitation caused by seeing Stella again, I was unable to make the customary entry in my diary when I retired for the night.

She is more irresistibly beautiful than ever. Her figure (a little too slender as I remember it) has filled out. Her lovely face has lost its haggard, careworn look; her complexion has recovered its delicacy; I see again in her eyes the pure serenity of expression which first fascinated me, years since. It may be due to the consoling influence of the child—assisted, perhaps, by the lapse of time and the peaceful life which she now leads—but this at least is certain, such a change for the better I never could have imagined as the change I find in Stella after a year's absence.

As for the baby, he is a bright, good-humored little fellow; and he has one great merit in my estimation—he bears no resemblance to his father. I saw his mother's features when I first took him on my knees and looked at his face, lifted to mine in grave surprise. The baby and I are sure to get on well together.

Even Mrs. Eyre's account seems to have improved in the French air and under the French dist. She has a better surface to lay the paint on; her nimble tongue runs faster than ever, and she has so completely recovered her good spirits that Monsieur and Madame Raymond declare she must have French blood in her veins. They were all so unaffectedly glad to see me (Madame included) that it was really like returning to one's home. As for Tréville, I must interfere (in the interests of his figure and his health) to prevent everybody in the house from feeding him with every eatable thing from plain bread to *pate de foie gras*.

My experience to-day will, as Stella tells me, be a general experience of the family life at St. Germain.

We begin the morning with the customary cup of coffee. At 11 o'clock I am summoned from my "pavilion" of three rooms to one of those delicious and artificially varied breakfasts which are only to be found in France and in Scotland. An interval of about three hours follows, during which the child takes his siesta, and his elders occupy themselves as they please. At 3 o'clock we all go out—with a pony-chaise which carries the weaker members of the household—for a ramble in the forest. At 6 o'clock we assemble at the dinner-table. At coffee-time some of the neighbors drop in for a game at cards. At 10 we all wish each other good-night.

Such is the domestic programme, varied by excursions in the country and by occasional visits to Paris. I am naturally a man of quiet, stay-at-home habits. It is only when my mind is disturbed that I get restless and feel longings for change. Surely the quiet routine of St. Germain ought to be welcome to me now! I have been looking forward to this life through a long year of travel. What more can I wish for?

Nothing more, of course. And yet—and yet—Stella has innocently made it harder than ever to play the part of the "household pet." The very fact of her beauty is a subject of congratulation to her mother and her friends. How does it affect me?

I had better not think of my hard fate. Can I help thinking of it? Can I dismiss from memory the unnumbered misfortunes which have taken from me, in the prime of her charms, the woman whom I love? At least I can try. The good old moral must be my moral. "Be content with such things as ye have."

15th March.—It is eight in the morning, and I scarcely know how to employ myself. Having finished my coffee I have just looked again at my diary. It strikes me that I am falling into a bad habit of writing too much about myself. The custom of keeping a journal certainly has this drawback—it encourages egotism. Well, the remedy is easy. From this date I look up no book, only to open it again when some event has happened which has a claim to be recorded for its own sake. As for myself and my feelings, they have made their last appearance in these pages.

16th March.—The occasion for opening my diary once more has presented itself this morning.

News has reached me of Romyne, which is too important to be passed over without notice. He has been appointed one of the pope's chamberlains. It is also reported, on good authority, that he will be attached to a papal embassy when a vacancy occurs. These honors, present and to come, seem to remove him further from the possibility of a return to Italy for his wife and child.

8th June.—In regard to Romyne Mrs. Eyre's account seems to be of my opinion.

Being in Paris to-day, at a morning concert, she there met with her old friend, Dr. Wybow. The famous physician is suffering from overwork, and is on his way to Italy for a few months of rest and recreation. They took a drive together after the performance, in the Bois de Boulogne; and Mrs. Eyre opened her mind to the doctor as freely as usual on the subject of Stella and the child. He entirely agreed (speaking in the future interests of the boy) that precious time has been lost in informing Romyne of the birth of an heir; and he has promised, no matter what obstacles may be placed in his way, to make the announcement himself, when he reaches Rome.

9th June.—Madam Raymond has been speaking to me confidentially on a very delicate subject. I am pledged to discontinue writing about myself. But in these private pages I may note the substance of what my good friend said to me. If I only look back often enough at this little record I may gather the resolution to profit by her advice. In brief these were her words:

"Stella has spoken to me in confidence since she met you accidentally in the garden yesterday. She cannot be glibly of the poor affectation of concealing what you must have already discovered for yourself. But she prefers to say the words that must be said to you through me. Her husband's conduct to her is an outrage that she can never forget. She looks back with sentimentality of repulsion which she dare not describe to that 'love at first sight' (as you call it in England), concerned on the day when they first met, and she remembers regretfully that other love, of years since, which was love of steadiness and slower growth. To her shame she confesses that she failed to set you the example of duty and self-restraint when you two were alone. She leaves it to your discretion to tell you that you must see her for the future always in the presence of some other person. Make no reference to this when you next meet; and understand that she has only spoken to me instead of to her mother, because she fears that Mrs. Eyre's account might be harsh words and distress you again as she once distressed you in England. If you will take my advice you will ask permission to go away again on your travels."

It matters nothing what I said in reply. Let me only relate that we were interrupted by the appearance of the nursemaid at the pavilion door.

She led the child by the hand. Among his first efforts at speaking, under his mother's instruction, had been the effort to call me Uncle Bernard. He had now got as far as the first syllable of my Christian name, and he had come to me to repeat his lesson. Resting his little hands on my knees he looked up at me, with his mother's eyes, and said: "Uncle Ber." A trifling incident, but at that moment it cut me to the heart. I could only take the boy in my arms and look at Madam Raymond. The good woman felt for me. I saw tears in her eyes.

No! no more writing about myself. I close the book again.

3d July.—A letter has reached Mrs. Eyre's account this morning from Dr. Wybow. It is dated, "Castel Gandolfo near Rome." Here the doctor is established during the hot months, and here he has seen Romyne, in attendance on the Holy Father, in the famous summer palace of the popes. How he obtained the interview Mrs. Eyre's account is not informed. To a man of his position and doors are no doubt opened which remain closed to persons less widely known.

"I have performed my promise," he writes, "and I may say for myself that I spoke with every deliberate precaution. The result is a little startled me. For the moment I thought Romyne had been seized with a fit of catalepsy. His face, body and limbs presented the statue-like rigidity which is characteristic of that form of disease. He moved, however, when I tried to take his hand to feel his pulse, shrinking back in his chair and feebly signing to me to leave him. I committed him to the care of his servant. The next day I received a letter from one of his priestly colleagues, informing me that he was slowly recovering after the shock that I had inflicted, and requesting me to hold no further communication with him, either personally or by letter. I wish I could have sent to you a more favorable report of my interference in this painful matter. Perhaps you or your daughter may hear from him."

4th to 9th July.—No letter has been received. Mrs. Eyre's account is uneasy. Stella, on the contrary, seems to be relieved.

10th July.—A letter has arrived from London, addressed to Stella by Romyne's English lawyers. The income which Mrs. Romyne has refused for herself is to be legally settled on her child. Technical particulars follow which it is needless to repeat here.

By return of post Stella has answered the lawyers, declaring that so long as she lives, and has any influence over her son, he shall not touch the offered income. Mrs. Eyre's account, Monsieur and Madame Raymond—and even Matilda—treated her not to send the letter. To my thinking Stella had acted with becoming spirit. Though Vange Abbey is not entailed, still the estate is morally the boy's birthright—it is a cruel wrong to offer him anything else.

11th July.—For the second time I have proposed to leave St. Germain. The presence of the third person, when ever I am in her company, is becoming unendurable to me. She still uses her influence to deter my departure. "No body sympathizes with me," she said, "but you."

I am falling to keep my promise to myself, not to write about myself. But there is some little excuse this time. For the relief of my own conscience I may surely place it on record that I have tried to do right. It is not my fault if I remain at St. Germain, inensible to Madam Raymond's warning.

13th September.—Terrible news from Rome of the Jesuit mission to Arizona. The Apache Indians have made a night attack on the mission-house. The building is burnt to the ground and the missionaries have been massacred, with the exception of two priests, carried

away captive. The names of the priests are not known. News of the atrocity has been delayed for months on its way to Europe, owing partly to the civil war in the United States and partly to disturbances in Central America.

Looking at the *Times* (which we receive regularly at St. Germain), I found this statement confirmed in a short paragraph, but here also the names of the two prisoners failed to appear.

Our own present hope of getting any further information seems to me to depend on our English newspaper. The *Times* stands alone as the one public journal which has the whole English nation for volunteer contributors. In their troubles at home they appeal to the editor. In their travels abroad over civilized and savage regions alike, if they meet with an adventure worth mentioning, they tell it to the editor. If any of our countrymen knows anything of this dreadful massacre, I foresee with certainty where we shall find the information in print.

Soon after my arrival here Stella had told me of her memorable conversation with Penrose in the garden at Ten Acres Lodge. I was well acquainted with the nature of her obligation to the young priest, but I was not prepared for the outbreak of grief which escaped her when she had read the telegram from Rome. She actually went to the length of saying: "I shall never enjoy another happy moment till I know whether Penrose is one of the two living priests!"

The inevitable third person with us this morning was Monsieur Raymond. Sitting at the window with a book in his hand—sometimes reading, sometimes looking at the garden with the eye of a fond horticulturist—he discovered a strange cat among his flower beds. Forgetful of every other consideration, the old gentleman hobbled out to drive away the intruder, and left us together.

I spoke to Stella in words which I would now give everything I possess to recall. A detestable jealousy took possession of me. I meanly hinted that Penrose could claim no great merit for yielding to the entreaties of a beautiful woman who had fascinated him, though he might be afraid to own it. She protested against my unworthy insinuation—but she failed to make me ashamed of myself. As a woman ever ignorant of the influence which her beauty exercises over a man, I took on this occasion a creature that I was, from bad to worse.

"Excuse me," I said, "if I have, unintentionally, made you angry. I ought to have known that I was treading on delicate ground. Your interest in Penrose may be due to a warmer motive than a sense of obligation."

She turned away from me—sadly, not angrily—intending, as it appeared, to leave the room in silence. Arrived at the door, she altered her mind and came back.

"Even if you insult me, Bernard, I am not able to resent it," she said, very gently. "I once wronged you—I have no right to complain of your now wronging me. I will try to forget it."

She held out her hand. She raised her eyes, and looked at me.

It was not her fault; I am alone to blame. In another moment she was in my arms. I held her to my breast—I felt the quick beating of her heart on me—I poured out the wild confession of my sorrow, my shame, my love—I tasted again and again and again the sweetness of her lips. She put her arms round my neck and drew her head back with a long, low sigh. "Be merciful to my weakness," she whispered. "We must meet no more."

She put me back from her with a trembling hand and left the room.

I have broken my resolution not to write about myself; but there is no egoism, there is a sincere sense of humiliation in me when I record this confession of misconduct. I can make but one statement—I must at once leave St. Germain. Now, when it is too late, I feel how hard for me this life of constant repression has been.

Thus far I had written when the nursemaid brought me a little note addressed in pencil. No answer was required.

The few lines were in Stella's handwriting: "You must not leave us too suddenly or you will excite my mother's suspicions. Wait until you receive letters from England, and make them the pretext for your departure."

I never thought of her mother. She is right. Even if she were wrong I must obey her.

14th September.—The letters from England have arrived. One of them presents me with the necessary excuse for my departure, ready made. My proposal for the purchase of the yacht is accepted. The sailing-master and crew have refused all offers of engagement, and are waiting at Corvo for my orders. Here is an absolute necessity for my return to England.

The newspaper arrived with the letters. My anticipations have been realized. Yesterday's paragraph has produced another volunteer contributor. An Englishman, just returned from Central America, after traveling in Arizona, writes to the *Times*. He publishes his name and address, and he

declares that he has himself seen the two captive priests.

The name of the *Times* correspondent carries its own guarantee with it. He is no less a person than Mr. Murthwaite, the well-known traveler in India, who discovered the lost diamond called "The Moonstone," set in the forehead of a Hindoo idol. He writes to the editor as follows:

"Sir—I can tell you something of the two Jesuit priests, who were the sole survivors of the massacre in the Santa Cruz valley four months since."

"I was traveling at the time in Arizona, under the protection of an Apache chief, bribed to show me his country and his nation (instead of cutting my throat and tearing off my scalp) by a present tribute of whisky and gunpowder, and by the promise of more when our association came to an end."

"About twelve miles northward of the little silver mining town of Tubac we came upon an Apache encampment. I at once discovered two white men among the Indians. These were the captive priests."

"One of them was a Frenchman named L'Herbier. The other was an Englishman named Penrose. They owed their lives to the influence of two powerful considerations among the Indians. Unhappy L'Herbier lost his senses under the horror of the night massacre. Insanity, as you may have heard, is a sacred thing in the estimation of the American savages—they regard this poor madman as a mysteriously inspired person. The other priest, Penrose, had been in charge of the mission medicine-chest, and had successfully treated cases of illness among the Apaches. As a 'great medicine-man,' he, too, is a privileged person—under the strong protection of their interest in their own health. The lives of the prisoners are in no danger, provided they can endure the hardship of their wandering existence among the Indians."

Penrose spoke to me with the resignation of a true hero. "I am in the hands of God," he said, "and if I die, I die in God's service."

"I was entirely unprovided with the means of ransoming the missionaries, and nothing that I could say or that I could promise had the smallest effect on the savages. But, for severe and tedious illness I should."

been on my way back to London, barely strong enough to write this letter. But I can head a subscription to pay expenses, and I can give instructions to any person who is willing to attempt the deliverance of the priests."

So the letter ended.

Before I had read it I was at a loss to know where to go or what to do when I leave St. Germain. I am now at no loss. I have found an object in life and a means of making atonement to Stella for my own ungenerous and unworthy words. Already I have communicated by telegraph with Mr. Murthwaite, and with my sailing-master. The first is informed that I hope to be with him in London to-morrow morning. The second is instructed to have the yacht fitted out immediately for a long voyage.

If I can save these men—especially Penrose—I shall not have lived in vain. London, 15th September.—No. I have resolution enough to go to Arizona, but I have no courage to record the parting scene when it was time to say good-bye.

I had intended to keep the coming enterprise a secret, and only to make the disclosure in writing when the vessel was ready to sail. But, after reading the letter to the *Times*, Stella saw something in my face (as I suppose) that betrayed me. Well, it's over now. As long as I don't think of it my mind is calm.

Mr. Murthwaite has not only given me valuable instructions, he has provided me with letters of introduction to persons in office; and to the *padres* (or priests) in Mexico, which will be of incalculable use in such an expedition as mine. In the present disturbed condition of the United States he recommends me to sail for a port on the eastern coast of Mexico, and then to travel northward overland and make my first inquiries in Arizona at the town of Tubac. Time is of such importance, in his opinion, that he suggests making inquiries in London and Liverpool for a merchant vessel under immediate sailing orders for Vera Cruz or Tampico. The fitting out of the yacht cannot be accomplished, I find, in less than a fortnight or three weeks. I have, therefore, taken Mr. Murthwaite's advice.

16th September.—No favorable answer so far as the port of London is concerned. Very little commerce with Mexico, and bad harbor in that country when you do trade. Such is the report.

17th September.—A Mexican brig has been discovered at Liverpool, under orders for Vera Cruz. But the vessel is in debt, and the date of departure depends on expected remittances. In this state of things I may wait, with my conscience at ease, to sail in comfort on board my own schooner.

18th to 30th September.—I have settled my affairs; I have taken leave of my friends (good Mr. Murthwaite included); I have written cheerfully to Stella, and I sail from Portsmouth to-morrow, well

provided with the jars of whisky and the kegs of gunpowder which will effect the release of the captives.

It is strange, considering the serious matters I have to think of, but it is also true that I feel out of spirits at the prospect of leaving England without my traveling companion, the dog. I am afraid to take the dear old fellow with me, on such a perilous expedition as mine may be. Stella takes care of him, and, if I don't live to return, she will never part with him for his master's sake. It implies a childish sort of mind, I suppose, but it is a comfort for me to remember that I have never said a hard word to Tréville, and never lifted my hand on him in anger.

All this about a dog! And not a word about Stella? Not a word. Those thoughts are not to be written.

I have reached the last page of my diary. I shall look it and leave it in charge of my bankers on my way to the Portsmouth train. Shall I ever want a new diary? Superstitious people might associate this coming to the end of the book with coming to an end of another kind. I have no imagination, and I take my leap in the dark hopefully, with Dyrce's glorious lines in my mind:

"Here's a sign to those who love me,
And smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate!"
(To be Concluded.)

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Make whisky a sure antidote for snake-bite, and there are men who will walk around all day for a snake.

A Bloomington lady has sued nineteen saloon keepers and the owners of the buildings for selling liquor to her husband.

The mayor of Champaign, Ill., recently visited every saloon in town in person and persuaded the proprietors to quit the traffic.

It don't pay to have fifty workingmen and their families live on bone soup and half rations, in order that one saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

Be very careful what you say.
Be careful what you think.
But every night and every day
Be careful what you drink.

The second chamber of the Netherlands Court, adopted, 60 to 11, a bill to give the law of the Netherlands in proportion to the population, and to prevent their accumulation in any one locality.

"Alcohol dulls the edge and takes away the keenness and clearness of the mind. The eye is not so quick to perceive, nor the ear so keen to hear, nor the reason so accurate or quick to comprehend, nor the judgment so quick to decide, nor the will so ready to command, nor the memory as tenacious to retain."—Dr. Story.

It is no holiday work we women have entered upon; for the public sentiment is against us. The law there is the deadly traffic, and becomes a partner in its guilt and a sharer of its profits. Political parties wash their hands of the reform. Fashion glides the wine-cup in while are called the higher circles, and hollows its use with art and poetry; but appetite and poverty rage like wild beasts for the Lethian draught of forgetfulness, in the lower strata of society. Even the church of God is not yet half awake to the knowledge that the drinking usage of society are responsible for much of the sin and sensuality which hangs on the wheels of moral and spiritual progress.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

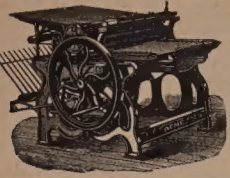
Whoever makes the attempt to abandon spirit drinking (and the same is the case with smoking), will find, from time to time, "a rattle" in the stomach, with a sensation of sinking, coldness, and inexpressible anxiety. This may be relieved by taking often a cupful of an infusion of cloves, made by steeping about an ounce of them in a pint of boiling water, for six hours, and then straining off the liquor. In a state of permanent languor and debility, an ounce and a half of cascarrilla bark in powder, and six drachms of syrup of ginger, should be added to the above infusion. This mixture, taken three times a day, will be found a useful strengthener of the stomach, when disordered by frequent excess and intoxication. Undiluted spirits poison the system; therefore, let all beware of strong drinks, whether for thirst or for pride! A tea-spoonful of grated ginger in a little hot water is a good substitute for spirits.

One of the best and most recent facts in favor of abstinence from stimulants, is furnished in the report of the Birmingham county lunatic asylum, England. Dr. Davies, the writer of the report, advised the managing committee, in March, 1878, to diminish the quantity of beer issued to patients and to discontinue the issue of spirits. The committee acted on his advice, and the result was so satisfactory that in November, 1879, he obtained their sanction to discontinue the issuing of any beer as an article of diet, without any substitute whatever. Careful weighing of the patients, with other tests, convinced Dr. Davies that the change was a salutary one. Patients and servants were evidently the better for it, and indeed, several grateful patients had been introduced. For the abandonment of the beer, money was given, to prevent any idea that the experiment was dictated by parsimony. Finally, the conclusion was inevitable, that the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the patients were bad, and that these stimulants had not only a tendency to prolong the disease of curable patients, but to conduce to a speedy relapse after their discharge, in consequence of those indulging in over-indulgence retaining a taste for intoxicants.

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Meredith Eagle.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Summer fruits at Pendexter's.
C. R. Swain is enlarging his barn.
Ed. Cox has plenty of livery business.
Giltman Webster's new house is done.

George Plaisted is very sick with measles.

Our late frost did considerable damage.

J. M. Beede has returned from the West.

Nathan Chase, of Gilmanton, has been here.

Frank Canney is to repair his buildings.

D. M. Black sells the revised new testament.

Strawberry festival at the Centre, June 16th.

Mrs. F. P. Carey has been visiting in Concord.

J. W. Beede & Co., buy flour by the car load.

W. T. Phelps sells the Twin Dasher Churn.

The stone work for Mr. Worrall's stable is done.

Charles Morrison has lately cut a thumb badly.

Albert Pitman is building a slaughter house.

Thomas Robinson has been afflicted with lameness.

Daniel P. Smith recently lost a bull by lightning.

J. C. Avery had pea vines in blossom many days ago.

Charles Scogge is making a hand propeller for his boat.

G. K. James, Jr., has picked the first field strawberries.

B. F. Shephard has gone to Centre Harbor for the season.

Marshall and Dockham are hauling slab wood to Laconia.

The house occupied by B. H. Clough has been repaired.

Work at the Centre saw mill is about done for the season.

Daniel Norris has sold considerable soluble Pacific guano.

It is proposed to form a Sextette.

W. J. Fine and E. W. Prescott are enlarging their buildings.

W. G. Slack has gone home to Wells River, Vt., on a vacation.

E. S. Robinson and wife have returned from their Pittsfield visit.

M. C. Brown has sold out his drug business to Charles Wiggin & Co.

Edward Hall, of Portsmouth, was lately the guest of Judge Rollins.

Colby's views of the Decoration day procession for sale at 20 cents each.

There is a call for a telephone to Weirs, also to Ashland and Plymouth.

Clark's and Lang's shops have been shut down on account of broken machinery.

J. I. Prescott is finishing up a tenement in connection with his carriage house.

A nice cupola has been added to Byron Clough's barn. His residence is nearly done.

A petition in favor of the Lake Shore road awaits signers at Bickford & Roberts.

Joseph Roberts had one of his thumbs badly sawed at Wadleigh's mill, on Monday.

The Boston Comedy Company played here four nights, with good success, this week.

John Piper is going to build on the new street leading from the depot to Wadleigh's mill.

Two men fought about a rabbit Saturday evening on the bridge and the police had to settle it.

Mr. McIntire, late teacher in the High school, has been in town this week. He is at school at New Hampton.

Miss Abbie Bixby has gone on a visit to Boston and from there she goes to Old Orchard Beach to spend the summer.

As the steamer, "Lady of the Lake," is now running, Sanborn's stage from here to Centre Harbor is discontinued.

C. L. Joslyn, from Florida, has been stopping several days with Sam Hodgson. He is an extensive orange raiser.

Our G. A. R. will take a trip on the Gracie and barge to-night, leaving at 8.30. Society's orchestra will be present. Tickets, 30 cents.

Until further notice every subscriber to this paper will receive a copy of the REVISED NEW TESTAMENT, for every \$1.00 he or she shall pay, whether in arrears or advance, but if the former, must pay at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The book will be delivered at this office or sent by mail, free of charge. Applications for this premium must be made when the money is paid.

A public library is still advocated. Samuel Boynton wants to sell his house.

We ought to have some open air concerts.

Greenleaf Maloon, of Boston, has been here.

R. F. McGrills, of Danvers, Mass., has been visiting here.

G. L. P. Corliss and A. Pitman are selling good quantities of meat in their trips.

Dr. Mason has moved up to Mr. Eastman's, on the hill towards Centre Harbor. He thinks the air there may benefit him, as his health is very poor.

J. M. Beede was among the officers elected by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I. O. of G. T., recently held at Topeka, Kansas. He is the R. W. G. O. G.

This paper is sent free on trial for one month, and all not wishing it after that time are requested to stop it, or otherwise they will be liable for payment as long as it is sent to their addresses.

LOCAL MARKET.

RETAIL PRICES COLLECTED EVERY WEEK.

Beans, lb., \$1.75	2 50	Dried Apples, lb., 3	50
Hutter, lb., 10	20	Wood, cord, 3	50
Red, lb., 10	20	Yellow, lb., 10	20
Cheese, lb., 12	18	Maple Sugar, lb., 8	10
Chicken, lb., 10	12	Hay, ton, 14	00
Eggs, doz., 10	12	Corn, bu., 50	75
Lard, lb., 10	15	Oats, bu., 50	75
State, bu., 50	75	Wheat, bu., 50	75
Pork, lb., 10	15	Corn meal, 100 lbs., 1	40
Calculus, each, 40	60	Wool, wash, lb., 15	75
Sheepskin, 40	60	Vinegar, 40	75
Honey, lb., 20	25	Wool, wash, lb., 15	75
Tobacco, lb., 40	100	Sugar, lb., 10	15
Prunes, lb., 10	15	Older, lb., 10	15
Cot. Cloth, yd., 5	15	Kerosene, gal., 15	25
Candles, lb., 15	15	Tin, lb., 25	75
Shells, 100 lb., 1	10	Coffee, K. lb., 15	25
Flannel, yd., 20	80	" Java, lb., 25	75
Savory, lb., 10	15	" Mocha, 25	75
Rye, bu., 50	75	" Dicks, 10	20
Silcock, 8	4	" Ducks, 10	20
Frank Cud, 8	4	" Ducks, 10	20
Hams, smoked, 12	14	" Maple syrup, 60	100
Coke, 8	12	" Oil, 20	50
Salt, coarse, 50	50	" Cod fish, 3	10
" box, 50	50	" Haddock, 3	10
Oysters, per qt., 35	80	" Shingles, 3	50
Mackerel, 8	8	" Laths, 2	00

Our music loving people will have the greatest treat of the year, June 23, the occasion being the annual concert at the close of the State Normal school, at Plymouth. The artists who will appear are G. W. Want, of the Schubert Quartette, Tenor; A. C. Ryder, of the Temple Quartette, Bass; Mrs. Marie E. Marchington, Soprano; Miss Alta Pease, Contralto. None of these concerns has ever failed to satisfy those in attendance, and the reputation of these taking part is a guarantee that the present concert will be no exception to the rule. Reserved seats will be placed on sale here in a few days. Arrangements will be made for extra trains if desired. For further particulars our readers are referred to the large posters which will be issued in a few days.

RICH PRAISE.

Letter from PAOLO MARIE, the great Prima Donna of the French and Italian Opera:

MEINELSSOHN PIANO CO., N. Y.

GENTLEMEN—I am delighted with your Upright Piano. Everything seems possible with them. They have such a powerful tone, that I can imagine myself playing on a Grand, and yet they are susceptible of the most delicate shades of expression. Their musical quality is lovely, and for an accompaniment to singing, I wish to use only a Meinelssohn Piano. Wishing you every prosperity, I am, Yours respectfully, PAOLO MARIE.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, conducted by E. L. and W. J. YONNAS.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., 4, 5 & 6 Bond-street, New York. Contents for June—Physical Education, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; Clothing: On Fruits and seeds, by St. John Lubbock, (illustrated); Sunstroke and some of its sequelae, by Dr. J. Fayer, F. R. S.; The Value of our Forests, by N. H. Egleston; Production of sound by radiant energy, by Alexander Graham Bell (illustrated); The Development of Political Institutions, by Herbert Spencer, VII.—Compound Political History; Degeneration, by Dr. Andrew Wilson (illustrated); The Primæval American Continent, by L. P. Gratacap; Natural Production of Alcohol, by Gaston Tissandier (illustrated); The Modern Development of Darwin's Conception of Electricity, by Professor H. Helmholtz; Glucose and Grape-Sugar, by Professor Harvey W. Wiley; The Mental Effects of Earth quakes, Sketch of Julius Adolph Stüchardt, by Professor W. O. Atwater, (with portrait); Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE WELL WORTH ITS PRICE.

THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS has again reached our editorial table, and right glad we are to welcome the June number which is unusually full of handsome engravings and interesting and valuable reading matter. Under the management of its new publishers—Messrs. Munn & Co.—the ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS has risen to the front rank of illustrated journals published in this country, and being issued at a very low price, it is within the reach of all who are interested in scientific, scientific, useful arts and natural history. The June number contains handsomely illustrated articles on The Chimpanzee and Bonobo, and on Farming, New Frigate Locomotive, The Maxim Fire Boat, Perforating Machine, a new and novel Embroidering Frame, the new Electric Milling Pulley, and a number of other handsome illustrations, besides a large number of other interesting articles not accompanied by engravings. The subscription price of this handsome paper is \$1.50 per annum, or 15 cents per copy, and can be had of all newsdealers or from publishers, Messrs. Munn & Co., 87 Park Row, New York.

THE JUNE ART AMATEUR

is specially strong practical instructions for decorative work, including lessons in landscape painting in ink, in china painting and coloring, together with designs for embroidery, a plate and six tiles for a fireplace by Camille Pissarro. Among the numerous attractive features, we note a series of character sketches by Gregory, Volkmann, and other members of the Salmagundi Club, a page of drawings from pictures in the Paris Salon, a page of illustrations each by Geo. E. Hinu, and a number of sketches by Leon and Percy Moran, the clever sons of Edward Moran. There is also the usual choice array of illustrated notices of current events, furniture and decoration, including some suggestive stained glass designs, and some peculiarly pleasing specimens of the style called the "Belle Époque" in France. The recent music festival in New York is criticized; the question "Is our Art only a Fashion?" is editorially discussed, and the Van Velsch drawings, lately presented to the Metropolitan Museum, are mercilessly expounded by Clarence Cook. Price \$4 a year; single numbers 35 cents. Munn & Co., Publishers, 23 Union Square, New York.

Annual Report

—OF THE—
MASSACHUSETTS

MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE CO.

For the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1880.

E. W. BOND, President.
JOHN A. HALL, Secretary.

Receipts in 1880.....	\$1,053,303 29
Assets.....	901,158 31
Disbursements.....	7,000,041 38
Liabilities.....	6,901,198 38
Surplus by Massachusetts Standard.....	\$85,143 30
Surplus by N. York Standard, about.....	1,350,000 00

Interest Receipts in 1880.....	\$77,322 50
Death Losses paid in 1880.....	\$91,896 47
Excess of Interest over Death Losses.....	\$75,510 03

The Massachusetts Mutual is a progressive and growing company, careful and conservative in its management, judicious in its investments, and liberal in its transactions. Under the new non-forfeiture law of Massachusetts the Company is enabled to offer the best policy contract ever laid before the public—plain, liberal, and just in its provisions.

SEE EXAMPLE.

Policy, \$10,000. Age, 35. Payable at death or 50. Annual Premium, \$298.50. Dividend annually. Paid up value after two years.....\$1,280 20

Any time after two years, when the insurable interest has terminated, cash will be paid on surrender of the policy.....\$2,810 50

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HON. C. W. STANLEY, HON. P. O. O'NEIL, M. V. B. EDGERLY, Manager, Manchester, N. H., No. 51 Milk St., Boston, Mass. may12/81

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(Successors to Morrill & Silsby.)

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Having recently added to their extensive Job Office a Campbell fast *Cylinder Power Press* are prepared to do all kinds of *Job Printing* more expeditiously and at lower rates than formerly. Always in stock the largest assortment of

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BOUQUETS, WEDDING AND FUNERAL FLOWERS ARRANGED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Office and Greenhouse on State Street, Opp. Freewill Baptist Church,

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We desire to engage for the coming season competent

COAT MAKERS,

A permanent situation and the highest wages given to desirable work women.

Address stating experience, &c.,

E. W. WOODWARD & SON,

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Merchant Tailors

Woodward Bld'g, CONCORD, N. H. 1881-12

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NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AT

99c. Store!

Wonderful bargains in Bird Cages, Crockery, Glass Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Jewellery, Travelling Bags, Clocks, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Doll Carriages, Croquet, Pictures and Frames, Wagons, Carts, Toys, and a big assortment of other articles surprisingly low.

Be sure to call and examine goods and prices. Goods cheerfully shown.

G. L. HOOPER,

Second Door North of Post Office, CONCORD, N. H. 1881-12

CENTRAL HOUSE,

LAONIA, N. H.

In a very desirable hotel for permanent and transient boarders and also for commercial travelers, as it is the nearest to the depot and most convenient to all business centres. The house is attractive and guests are always well served at table. MRS. M. H. FERNALD, Proprietor, J. D. Smith, Manager. 1881-12

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At Prices Remarkably Low,

For each grade from the low cost, good quality Garment at \$3.00 up to the finest and most elaborately trimmed Dolman at \$18.00.

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Ladies' Colored & White Skirts

From 42 cts. to \$2.50.

GREAT DISPLAY OF

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Representing the largest and finest variety ever placed in our stock.

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New Designs in Roxbury Tapestries,

Which are considered by all that have examined, far ahead of any previous styles.

NEW LINE OF EXTRA SUPERFINES, "BRUSSELS FINISH,"

In inch designs, equalling in colors, the best 8-ply carpets.

Large stock of Extra Superfine Carpets, from the Lowell, Reed and Hartford Manufacturers, at prices that will pay purchasers to examine.

Oil Cloths, Low Grade Wool, Cotton-and-Wool Mattings, Rugs, &c., &c., at the lowest prices ever sold.

Demorest's Paper Patterns for May,

Just opened. Catalogues sent free to any address.

SMITH, LOUGEE BROS. & CO.

MAIN STREET, LAONIA, N. H.

New Bargains

—OFFERED BY—

O'SHEA BROS.!

THIS WEEK.

Just Received.

An invoice of All-Wool Debeiges, 42 in. wide, new Spring colors, 50 cts. per yard. Usually sold at 75 cts. per yard.

Six Pieces of French Shooda Cloths, All-Wool, 44 in. wide, 75 cts., worth \$1. per yard.

GREAT VALUE IN

New Black Silks and Black Cashmeres.

Just Received This (Wednesday) Morning,

20 Doz. All-Linen Towels, 48x24 1/2, 25c. Worth 50 cts.

Our new 12 1/2 cts. Towels are the best sold.

Beautiful Line of Ladies' Garments,

Latest Styles for Spring and Summer,

Just arrived,—from the leading cloak manufacturers of Boston and New York.

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In our Clothing Department,

150 Men's Blue Middlesex Flannel Suits,

Warranted Indigo.

Every Suit will bear a Guarantee Ticket, similar to the following:

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Price, \$10.00

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Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Laces, Ties, Edgings, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Fringes, Gimps, Cord and Tassels, Mitts, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Parasols, Knitting Silks, &c., &c.

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HAZELTON'S, CONCORD, N. H. may10/81

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